

## Until It Bleeds

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Summary: Necessity was a funny thing, because Amber Von Tussle had never needed anything in her life, with the sole exception of him.

## Until It Bleeds

\*\*I stumbled upon this song yesterday and went "Wow, that would make a great CornyAmber story!" And so, the rest is history. The song is "Kiss Me Til It Bleeds" by Nina Gordon. \*\*

\*\*I'm growing really fond of writing "indifferent" Corny, so...this should be interesting.\*\*

\*\*And the next chapter "I Never Promised You A Rose Garden" will be up very soon, maybe even later tonight!\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><em>Destructive, exciting, and I can't let go<em>

\_Inciting a riot on my radio\_

\_I'm going, I'm gone, even though I know it's wrong\_

This was where she found herself more often than not; right here on the doorstep to his house, shivering in the rain and the cold, tapping her fingernails against the door, waiting for him to let her in. It was beneath her, she knew that. She was not one to beg any man for anything, especially not him. She hated him, hated the way he treated her and the way he spoke to her. She hated the way he made her feel so small, and yet, she couldn't deny him. She could not deny the fact that his touch made up for all of that, and she could curse his name and roll her eyes at him all she wanted, but it didn't change the truth. It didn't change that he was her eternal weakness, and didn't help her case. It did not help her one bit, but she was beyond caring.

The door slid open and he stood watching her, a soft smirk pulled across her lips.

"Let me in, Corny," she requested the words, though not gently. If there was any word to describe their twisted relationship, gentle was not one of them.

"Why?" He knew how to toy with her, and she narrowed her grey-blue eyes at him, scrunching her mouth into an ugly sneer.

"You know why." She furrowed her golden eyebrows at him, and he watched her, still unmoving.

"You want me again." Of course he knew she did. They'd been doing this morbid dance for months now, and it was always the same. He got her addicted to his taste, and then she came crawling back for more, despite the fact that her Von Tussle pride told her not to.

"No," she told him, shaking her head, eyes still focused on that smug look that stained his countenance. "I need you again."

He's a Saturday night and a Sunday morning rolled into one

With a dirty smile that could shame the sun

Necessity was a funny thing, because Amber Von Tussle had never needed anything in her life. She hadn't needed to win Miss Teenage Hairspray three, almost four, times in a row. She hadn't needed to shop at the finest stores, hadn't needed that pink private princess phone in her bedroom, but she needed this. Of course, she didn't need much from him. She didn't need his innermost thoughts and feelings, didn't need him to whisper sweet nothings into her ear. What she needed from him was of the fleshly persuasion. She needed his touch, his fingers upon her skin, his breath upon her ear.

Amber despised Corny Collins, but she needed him, more than anything else in the world. She needed what he could give her, and hated that he held this control over her. That was why, when she realized she needed to feel his touch, she would make it as laborious as she possibly could for him. She would whine, and complain, and he would scold her and tell her that this would be the last time.

And yet, it never really was.

He opened the door, and she brushed past him. She stood in the hallway with her arms crossed over her chest as he shut the door behind them, turning to look at her with that same exasperated look on his face. He took a few steps closer to her, letting his hand snake up to wrap around the cluster of bobby pins at the base of her neck, his fingers beginning to undo each pin carefully.

"What are you doing here, Amber?" Even as he said the words, he continued to remove each hair pin slowly, allowing each golden curl to fall unashamedly over her slender shoulders.

"You know why I'm here," she rolled her eyes sarcastically at him, shivering beneath his touch, though reluctant to show it. She locked her knees, forcing herself to glare up at him.

"Why can't you get enough of this?" He wondered gently, catching her gaze and watching her as his fingers finished releasing her hair from its containment.

"I could stop anytime I wanted." And even as she was saying the words, she knew they were a lie. If those words were true, this would have ended a long time ago. It would have ended after the first time she found herself breathless beneath him, and never would have progressed to what it was now; her disease.

\_If I'm going to hang myself on someone else, he's just enough rope\_

\_I know it's bad news, but I can't say no\_

\_If bitter is sweet, he's just what I need\_

"So what you're saying is, you don't \_want\_ to stop." He pressed his lips gently against the base of her neck, kissing her there for a moment, and she raised her chin to look at him.

She clenched her jaw, letting her eyes connect with his.

"You wish," she spat the words back at him as his teeth scraped her skin. "Maybe I just keep doing it because I feel sorry for you."

He shook his head slowly, his blue eyes locked on hers.

"I don't believe that for one second. You're a selfish girl, Amber Von Tussle," his teeth caught her earlobe gently, "And believe me, I could have another girl like you in a split second. You are doing me no favors."

His words were true, of course; even she knew that. She wasn't doing this for him, and it was stupid of her to even think that excuse would even begin to work with him. That was the foolish seventeen-year-old inside of her, disguised behind this somewhat worldly woman who was sleeping with Corny Collins. It was little things she did and thought like that which made her remember that she was still in high school, and that all of this was an adult's game. A game in a world that she could not possibly begin to comprehend.

And this was what he did to her. He broke her down, made her feel like a child, made her feel foolish and unsure of herself. He made her doubt that she was capable of being loved, and made her feel like she was one of millions, which, in actuality, she was. She was no prettier than some of the other girls on the council, though she would never, for the life of her, admit it aloud. Corny didn't pretend that she was a diamond in the rough; he didn't tell her how special and gorgeous she was. He had, in fact, never in told her that he thought she was beautiful.

He caught her mouth in a deep kiss, one that reminded her precisely why she continued to come back here, and search him out. His lips caught on hers, and he kissed her deeply, sending an involuntarily sigh through her core, her hands moving to his neck, linking her fingers together and allowing his hands to move down her body, pushing her slender hips backwards until they were in his bedroom, and he had her pinned against his bed.

\_I'm stupid, a sucker-- he's a loaded gun\_

\_A lover, a leaver-- just a hit-and-run\_

\_When our worlds collide, breathe deep and hold on tight\_

He was not gentle with her. He didn't ask her if she was ready before he had his way with her, or pause when he heard a soft sigh of discomfort slip from between her swollen lips. Though she was the one who sought him out, he was the one in control. He was the one who decided their speed, their rhythm, their everything, and she allowed it, because he was the only one. He was the only one who could make her feel that way, or make her moan another person's name. And so, she would, however unwillingly it may have been, force herself to surrender to him. She didn't like the feeling of being in another person's control, but when it was with him, she knew there was no choice. He would not allow her to think, even for a moment, that she was the one who called the shots. Nor would he allow her to believe that this thing between them was anything more than that, a thing. Though that didn't stop her from allowing her heart to get ahead of her mind, didn't stop her from saying those dreadful, damning words as she scraped her nails down his chest.

"Oh my God, Corny, I love you!" The words were cried breathlessly, as the tingling sensation spread through her body, as her toes curled and her back arched, and her eyes closed. Even as she said them at the height of pleasure, she knew they were a mistake. Corny, however, didn't let on that he'd even heard them. He clenched his jaw, and a moment later, collapsed on top of her, though only for a moment and before rolling over, resting in the bed beside her, both of them panting for breath. She curled onto her side, her stomach muscles still contracting, and curled her hands beneath her, letting her pale eyes gaze blankly at the wall as she felt him shift beside her.

\_'Cause he's so rock and roll, I'm a tortured soul with him in my bones\_

\_And he leaves me shattered like a rolling stone \_

He was out of the bed in less than five minutes, pulling his pants on, buckling his belt. Silence, and the musty smell of sex hung in the air between them, and she pulled the sheet closer to her, suddenly self-conscious in the aftermath of their rendezvous.

"You know I didn't mean that, Corny." Her voice was low, nearly inaudible. He moved towards the mirror, buttoned his shirt, looped his tie around his neck.

"Of course I know it," he answered her after a moment, his eyes locked on his reflection, "but do you know that, Amber?"

More silence between them, and he cast a glance in her direction.

"I have to leave in a minute. You should probably get up and dressed."

She was used to this; used to him telling her that she wasn't important enough to stay home for. She was used to him leaving her when they were through, and used to him being the one person that

didn't let her believe the entire world revolved around her.

\_You know he's going to take you down\_

\_But you're addicted to the sound and so you hang around\_

And that attitude of his; the way he treated her as if she were nothing special, that was why she stayed. That was why she insisted upon continuing to spin the tangled web they were weaving. He was her slice of reality in such an obviously surreal world. He was her morbid and subtle way of keeping herself grounded. He was the pinprick that drew blood, the only way she knew she was really alive. As long as there was some sort of pain inside of her, she knew she wasn't dead. As long as \_some\_ part of her longed for something that she could never have, she knew she wasn't numb.

As long as he kept giving her his body and denying her his love, she was not complete, and that, the eternal search for the missing chunk of her soul, was what Amber Von Tussle continued to search for in his arms.

\_Just kiss me 'til it bleeds\_

End  
file.